WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 47. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1802. WHOLE NO. 723.

PEROUROU,

OR THE BELLOWS MENDER.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Translated from the French for the New-York Weekly Museum.]

[Continued from our laſt.]

SIX months paſſed in this way. The engravers, jealous of completing their vengeance, would not, by too much precipitation, riſque loſing all the fruit of it. Every evening they aſked from me an exact recital of my conduct, and appeared ſo ſatisfied that they furniſhed me with more money than my part required.

One day I received an invitation in form from the merchant, to aſſiſt at a feaſt he was to give in the country, and of which I flattered myſelf I was the hero. This beauty, ſo vain, received me with kindneſs, and paid me ſo many delicate attentions, that, drawn by her charms which heightened the the beauty of her dreſs, I ſeized the firſt moment we were alone to give up to a ſentiment I could no longer contain: I threw myſelf at her feet, and made an offer of my hand. She received my propoſition with dignity; but a tear which eſcaped from her charming eye, convinced me that pride was not the only ſenſation which agitated her heart, I diſcovered that I was beloved.

After having deceived the daughter on my birth, it was eaſy to blind the father on my fortune. Having but little penetration, he gave full confidence to the hiſtory I gave him.—My father lived on an eſtate, ſituated at the extremity of Dauphiny: his age and his infirmities took from him the hope of attending his ſon to the altar, but he conſented to my marriage ſo much the more eaſily, as the riches of his houſe were conſiderably increaſed by the intereſt I had in the mines of the province. I ſupported with ſecret complaiſance, the reſolution I had formed of not accepting a dowry, adding, that my fortune was too conſiderable to require augmenting it by that of a wife. Before the end of the converſation we were perfectly agreed, for I left him abſolute maſter of the conditions: I only aſked him to omit all uſeleſs ſhews, as the family of Aurora and mine were diſtant from Lyons. It was agreed that my marriage ſhould take place in a fortnight, and I charged myſelf with drawing up the preliminary articles.

Having, with ſome difficulty, obtained leave to quit Aurora, I haſtened to Lyons, to inform my friends that the play was near ending, and recounted to them what had paſſed. They loaded me with ſo many praiſes, that had I not poſſeſſed a ſlight ſhare of vanity, I ſhould have believed that they mocked me; but the event proved that they were ſincere. The thirſt of avenging themſelves on the haughtineſs of Aurora became more ardent and more whimſical. This ſame day, to complete the deception of the father and the daughter, they ſent in my name to my miſtreſs, a magnificent boquet, accompanied with a watch, bracelets of jewels, and laces of the greateſt beauty. Towards the end of the week they drew up the contract; I took care to ſign my true name, a precaution which I have found in the end to be of great uſe. By this contract I made a ſettlement on my wife, I was far from thinking I ſhould be ever able to realize.

I deceived her without doubt; but, Heaven is my witneſs, it was not without remorſe. When with Aurora, love permitted me to think of nothing but her; with my jovial friends, their pleaſantries, their agreeable manners, the kind of dependence in which they held me, the leſſons, the ſervices I had received from them, nothing permitted me to reflect either on the preſent or the future: but, in the ſilence of ſolitude, my paſſions, my ſophiſtries diſappeared, and I ſaw nothing but a frightful perſpective before me. When I connected the idea of Aurora with that of the coarſe mattraſs of chaff which was ſoon to be her lot; when I figured to myſelf her delicate hands deſtined to prepare for us the coarſeſt food; this beauty which merited a palace, forced to inhabit the cottage of my father, I recoiled with horror, a mortal coldneſs froze up my ſenſes. A thouſand times I was on the point of throwing myſelf at her feet to acknowledge my crime, to cover myſelf with that ſhame and infamy due to a man capable of ſo far degrading himſelf. But, ſelf love and paſſion came in their turns to ſuccor and prevent me:—enchained by the attractions of the preſent, my imagination ſpread rays of hope on the obſcurity of the future.

The unhappineſs of Aurora, ſaid I to myſelf, will be but momentary; love will ſoften its bitterneſs, and the ardor of the blind vengeance of her enemies; in ſpite of them ſhe ought to be, and ſhall be, happy;—in ſhort, they will leave me money, and I ſhall procure more by my induſtry; I ſhould be a wretch if I did not devote my life to ſpreading flowers in her paths. When ſhe ſhall know what I am, without doubt her reſentment will be terrible; but the evil being irreparable, reaſon will impoſe on her the law of reſignation, love ſhall be in the place of riches, and we will be happy.

Such were the reflections which occupied my mind during the days which preceded my marriage. At the moment when Aurora pronounced the promiſe to live and die with me, an univerſal ſhuddering took poſſeſſion of my whole body; I ſhould have fallen on the pavement had not a deluge of tears given relief to my oppreſſed heart. The crowd which ſurrounded us, took this effort of expiring virtue for an exceſs of ſenſibility. Aurora herſelf was deceived: I felt, by her tender careſſes, that this haughty perſon was as anxious to appear the lover as the wife. The engravers, to recompenſe the addreſs with which I had executed their projects, permitted me to prolong the error for ſome days; during this delay I gave myſelf up to an exceſs of paſſion, and baniſhed from my mind the approaching and fatal period of the frightful cataſtrophe. In ſhort, after ſeveral conferrences with theſe implacable enemies of Aurora, it was decided that things ſhould be prepared for my return to my cottage.

When I propoſed this journey to my wife, from which I had reaſon to apprehend the moſt ſerious conſequences, I could not forbear a ſigh from the bottom of my heart, which, from her confidence in me, ſhe did not underſtand. Her lively imagination preſented the idea of going with me in a magnificent carriage, attended with a train of women, livery ſervants, and all the retinue of grandeur, thus contriving at once to gratify her pride and ſhew her regard for me; both faults excuſable only from her youth and inexperience. She was in raptures to ſee the preparations for our departure, which, the nearer and nearer it approached, became the more tormenting to me. How often did I implore the pity of my friends! The only anſwer they gave me, was the ſacred obligation of my engagements with them. I had no alternative but to obey.

Two of my patrons and employers were to attend us as poſtilions, while the one who had wiſhed to marry Aurora had the imprudence to put himſelf in the place of coachman. A tye wig of an ingenious cut, and a patch over his right eye, effectually ſecured him from all ſuſpicion, ſo as not to be known even by his neareſt friends. Three of them, in a jovial humor, got up behind the carriage as footmen; and the four remaining ones, being obliged to ſtay at Lyons to attend their buſineſs, conſoled themſelves for not being of the party, by engaging their companions to write them from every place they ſhould ſtop at, ſuch occurrences as are common on a ſtage journey. The waggiſh fellows could ſcarcely help expreſſing their joy aloud when they heard my wife ſpeaking to them in a ſevere tone of voice, and preſently after addreſſing me with the mildeſt complacency, aſking me what name I called my plantation by, the extent of my poſſeſſions in Dauphiny, the privileges of my hunting grounds, fiſheries, and ſo on; and dwelling, in particular, with a fond attention on my ſuppoſed mines, which her fancy pictured to her at leaſt equal to thoſe of Peru or Mexico. Such ſubjects of diſcourſe brought us rather beyond Montelimart, when I perceived the narrow path-way which led to a village, the ſteeple of which was ſtill farther from our road. Alas! this poor village was my place of abode.

The critical minute advanced. The territory about me was far from being mine. In ſhort, after three hours travelling on a bad road, our driver, who too well knew the place, ſtopped the coach before a wretched hovel.

An aged perſon, in a dreſs of rags and poverty, ſat by himſelf at the door. I went up to him, and the poor old man was no other than my reſpectable father. How can I find colors to paint this ſtrange ſcene of affairs! Imagine to yourſelf on one ſide the trembling Perourou, on the other the haughty Aurora, and ſix malicious young fellows ceremoniouſly ſeating her on an old broken chair, with the moſt inſolent burſts of laughter, ſneers and jeſts, to gratify their vengeance, and complete the humiliation of my wife. Only imagine to yourſelf, reader, the pretended coachman taking off his tye wig and eye patch, and then reproaching Aurora in a moſt inſulting ſtile of ſuperiority.——No, no, ſaid he, diſdainfully, you were not born or educated to be the wife of an engraver; ſuch a match would have done too much honor to your birth, fortune and expectations. It was fit that a poor bellows mender ſhould win your affections only; and now look at the fellow whom your lofty and noble ſpirit

has pitched upon for a husband. I was going to reply, but the pretended coachman was already on his feet, the others hustled into the coach, and, smothering a loud laugh, were presently out of sight.

[To be continued.]

THE CATS AND KITTENS.

A FABLE.

DURING the continuance of the Feline commonwealth, the members of the community met together, to take into consideration the depravity of their offspring. The kittens were charged with assembling, by night, in the streets, and mewing in so disagreeable a manner, as to shock every serious puss who passed; of drinking milk to such an extravagant degree, as sometimes to make them stagger, and even insult some of the elder cats; of staying out to an unreasonable hour; and moreover, of practising these things to such an immoderate degree as to put in jeopardy the ancient and eminent respectability of the borough in which they lived. It was therefore agreed, on all sides, that a reformation ought to take place. To effect this, one proposed, that two elder cats should go out in the evenings and watch them; a second, that each kitten should have a clog fastened to his leg, to prevent his rambling too far; a third, that each head of a family should advise the young ones how to behave when they went out; and a fourth recommended, that they should not be suffered to go out at all. This last proposition was near being adopted, when one Grimalkin, more shrewd than the rest, arose and addressed them as follows:

"Although with pain I have observed the undue behavior of the kittens of this borough, and have listened, with attention, to the many excellent remarks made in this assembly, still, I apprehend we have not gone to the source from whence these evils spring, which I take to be the bad examples of ourselves. They are charged with going out at night for recreation, so do we; witness the house we meet at to hear the cat calls. Their mewing is disagreeable, and they drink too much milk: now, are the many milk-shops shunned by us; or do we not attend them in companies? Do we not often drink milk to excess? Nay, more, when we hear of the downfall of a dog, or other enemy, do we not seize this as an excuse for setting apart a day on purpose for milk drinking? and then, do we not often, on returning home, mew in as shocking a manner as the kittens possibly can? I believe we do. Now, until there are fewer milk-shops, and fewer places for cat-calls and other sports, or, until they are less frequented by us, in vain shall we look for a reformation."

He sat down and the assembly unanimously agreed, that the reformation ought to begin in the elder Cats, before it could be expected in the Kittens.

A DUEL A LA MODE.

TWO gentlemen elbowing each other in the pit passage at Drury Lane, London, one of them cried, "Death, Sir, who are you that dare to behave so? some journeyman friseur I should suppose from your breeding"---"Very likely," returned the other, with great coolness, "and if you will favor me with your name and direction, you shall have such a DRESSING from me to-morrow morning, as becomes such a puppy!"

From this altercation, trifling as it was, and ludicrous as well as trifling, a challenge ensued, and from the challenge a rencontre, which in a few minutes, in perfect consonance with the fashionable ideas of HONOR, sent one of those heroes to seek an abode in another world, and forced the other to court a sanctuary in another country.

ANECDOTES.

THE Duke of Luxembourg, who so often defeated King William the Third, was a man of an ungracious figure, having a prettyerance on his back. King William, enraged at the loss of a great battle exclaimed, when retreating in the presence of his officers. "What! shall that Hunchback always beat us?" This expression being repeated to Luxembourg, "How in the name of wonder," said he, smiling, "does King William know that I am hunch-backed? He never saw my back, but I have often seen his!"

WHEN the English Ambassador at the court of France, requested, in the name of his master, that Louis XIV would liberate all his brother protestants confined on account of their religion---"Suppose, Mr Ambassador (said the Gallic monarch) I should ask your King to release all the prisoners confined in Newgate, do you think he would do it?"---"Certainly he would, Sire, (replied the other) if you were to ask it as for your majesty's brethren."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

PLEASURES OF SYMPATHY.

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
"To hide the fault I see." POPE.

Did Heaven a blessing or a curse impart,
In forming PHILO with a feeling heart?

SONS of old Zeno! who profanely hold
Feeling a crime---a virtue to be cold;
Who view unmindful, unrelenting hear
The idle pathetic wake the dormant tear;
Who pass the hopeless, friendless child of grief,
And deaf reproaches where you ought relief;
In passive apathy you ne'er can know
The sweets of friendship, nor the joys that flow
From virtue, feeling, sentiment refin'd,
The life, the bliss, the glory of mankind;
Whose tuneful passions ye can never scan,
And are but senseless images of man:
The test of merit if to you belong,
Hiss'd is the muse, and blighted is the song;
But souls congenial attestations bring,
Feel what I feel, and witness what I sing.
The man who feels a sympathetic glow
Thrill all his senses at the sight of woe;
Who makes, by pitying, others' griefs his own,
Weeps at each tear, and sighs at ev'ry groan;
Tho' vulgar blindness deem his feeling mind
A prey to sorrow, and to reason blind,
When soft humanity pervades the breast,
The mind is happy, and the soul is blest.
For would a God of equity ordain
The heart of sympathy to bleed in vain?
Give sensibility such pangs to feel,
Without a cordial, or the pow'r to heal?
No---bleeding innocence in Heaven may trust,
That God is wise, and merciful, and just;
Heaven may inflict---the feeling heart endure---
But glowing raptures prove a balmy cure!
And when benevolence the heart o'erflows,
It breathes compassion for the vilest foes,---
Wraps friends and kindred in a warm embrace,
And pants t' imparadise the human race:
In God adoring with a burning zeal,
And melting pathos, joys never feel,
Love, joy and peace, the sighs of grief control,
And pour, in heavenly transports, on the soul!
The rapt'ur'd spirit feels, on ev'ry side,
To Heaven exalted, and to God allied.

Castleton, August, 1802. W. R. C.

SONG. BY THOMPSON.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O tell her what she cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
O tell her that my virtuous flame
Is like her spotless soul, refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care;
Nor purer her own wishes rise;
Nor holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at LOVE's suspected name,
With that of FRIENDSHIP sooth her ear---
True LOVE and FRIENDSHIP, are the same.

IMPROMPTU ON LAWYERS.

HAVE you not seen a cat for an hour without fail,
Run round her and round her in quest of her tail;
Till at last with a long and disconsolate face,
She leaves off her friskings, and gives up the chase?
Thus fares it with Lawyers when pleading in court;
To ev'ry bystander they make the same sport;
When perplex'd, in the circle of logic they run,
And leave it more doubtful than when they begun.

ON SELF GOVERNMENT.

HE that is master of himself is a King. Though his body should be in prison or in chains his mind is free; and he exercises, within himself a most noble sovereignty. On the other hand, the monarch, who glitters on his throne and has the power of life and death over millions of men, is himself a slave if he submits his reason to the control of passion and appetite.

Alexander, by common consent, has obtained the name of Great, because, forsooth, his sword shed more blood than that of any other man. He was the Great Butcher, not of herds and flocks, but of men. In reality, however, as to a most important point, he was Alexander the Little. After all his conquests, he was a slave. He was a miserable victim to drunkenness and to violent anger; and in the rage of passion, inflamed by wine, he slew Clitus, his best friend and bravest general, with his own hand. The old philosopher was much more deserving of the title of Great, who when his servant had acted in a provoking manner toward him, said to the offender, "I would correct you, if I were not angry." No man is truly great, who does not govern himself; nor is any man really little, who uniformly and strictly maintains self government.

Would you obtain the honor of a conqueror?---The field is open. Conquer your own unruly passions and appetites, and lay those rebels prostrate at the feet of reason. It is a most noble conquest.---Would you be a ruler?---Govern yourself. Be the Commandant of your own garrison. This kind of authority (and it is in the power of every one to exercise it) is equally necessary, useful and honorable. Hence the wise man remarked, "He that ruleth his own spirit, is better than the mighty." [Balance.

HISTORICAL MEMORANDUM.

ONE of the most amiable qualities which a Prince can possess, is to forgive the injuries he has received, and to remember the services that have been rendered him.------ John, the second Duke of Bourbon, being left in England, as an hostage for King John, several gentlemen, his vassals, cabalied against him in his absence, and defrauded him. One of his agents made exact memoirs of all these wrongs, and on his return presented a large collection to the Duke, that he might do himself justice. Upon which the Duke asked him, if he had also kept a register of all the services they had formerly done him? The agent answering in the negative, the Duke replied, "In that case it is not equitable that I should make any use of this:" and immediately threw the bundle of complaints into the fire.

ACCOUNT OF PROFANE SWEARING IN ENGLAND.

IT has been remarked that no country is so much addicted to swearing and profane language as England. "I have travelled, (says an eminent writer) through Germany, Holland, Denmark, Flanders, France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, and even Scotland, and in all these countries the Deity is never or seldom irreverently called upon, except among the abandoned: But in England, from the meanest drudge in the street up to the statesman, you may naturally expect a volley of oaths, curses, and execrations."---Indeed, there is no town or village so remote from the capital, as not to imitate London in this unprofitable vice. Both the small and great men seem to consider swearing as a genteel accomplishment. Every sentence is usually interspersed with oaths the most hideous. They swallow blasphemy with their daily bread. This shocking practice originated at the restoration of King Charles II who encouraged his courtiers in every species of immorality. Those who were called royalists affected to ridicule the puritans, and to turn all their solemn sayings into blasphemy. The sacred scriptures were derided, and the truths contained in them made the subjects for indecent levity. This fatal attachment to vice has prevailed since that period throughout the kingdom, and is at this day considered as the distinguishing characteristic of nobility.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN A PASSION.

FORBEAR, nor let the tempest scowl
O'er all that lovely face;
Let not the peals of thunder roll,
Obscuring ev'ry grace.

Altho' the power of speech remains,
Refrain that slender tongue;
For, was it fix'd with flouted chains,
It soon would be unstrung.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1802.

Sixty-five deaths were reported to the City Clerk during the week ending on the 29th August, viz ---Of nervous fever 1, ſudden death 1, old age 3, inward gathering 1, dyſentery 3, relax 15, conſumption 7, teething 3, fits 6, convulſions 1, cramp in the ſtomach 2, painful cholic 1, drowned 1, inflamation in the bowels 1, ſpine 1, cold 1, jaundice 1, dropſy 1, rickets 1, and 15 of diſeaſes not mentioned. Of the whole number 10 were adults, 47 children, and 8 undiſtinguiſhed.

A negro woman in Cliff ſtreet, in conſequence of receiving a letter from her abſent huſband, informing him he had married another, took a doſe of poiſon on Tueſday morning laſt, and died in the afternoon.

ACCIDENTS BY THE LATE THUNDER STORMS.

The dreadful ſhock on Sunday laſt, which took place about 12 o'clock, was very ſeriouſly felt by ſeveral perſons in Philadelphia, particularly by the family of Mr John Pollard---The atmoſphere was at the time apparently ſerene; Mr P. was ſitting at the door reading, his wife was nurſing an infant at the window, and another child was amuſing itſelf on the floor, when the ſhock, as ſudden as it was terrible, ſtruck him motionleſs for ſeveral ſeconds. Mrs P. was extended ſenſeleſs on the floor, and the child thrown a conſiderable diſtance, but fortunately without any material injury. Her appearance, when recovering, was livid, and upon animation being reſtored, ſhe became as ſpotted as a leopard. Medical aſſiſtance being ſoon obtained, flattering hopes of her recovery were entertained ----Mrs Johnſon, alſo, who was in the garden, as well as a woman in a neighboring lane, were proſtrated by the ſame flaſh, and remained ſometime in an almoſt ſimilar ſituation.

The barn and coach houſe of Mr Lapetier, near Frankford, Penſylvania, were ſtruck on Sunday laſt and wholly conſumed; and, at the ſame time, the coach belonging to Mrs Hannah Lewis of Philadelphia, while ſtanding near the Friends' Meeting Houſe, in Frankford, during the time of worſhip, was ſhattered to pieces by lightning, and the driver ſo much injured by the violence of the ſhock, as to be deprived for ſeveral hours of the power of ſpeech.

The progreſs of the ſtorm through the Jerſeys was marked by the moſt dreadful deva[illegible]ation. A barn and ſeveral ſtacks of hay were conſumed by the lightning in the vicinity of Bordenton. Many fields of buckwheat were nearly deſtroyed by the hail. In many places large trees were twiſted off by the wind at the trunk, or ſhivered to pieces by the lightning.

The Mail Stage owned by Mr. Vandegrift, of Trenton, was ſtruck in the ſame ſtorm, while on the road between Princeton and Trenton. The lightning ſtruck the hind wheels, glanced from them to the fore ones, thence along the tongue of the waggon to the breaſt-chains, and at one ſtroke, and the ſame moment, killed all four horſes and ſtunned the driver, who remained ſpeechleſs for ſome time, but did not affect two gentlemen who were in the carriage.

On Sunday afternoon, during the thunder ſtorm, Captain Cairn's houſe, on Staten-Iſland, was ſtruck with lightning. The chimney was knocked down and the breaſt works very much ſhattered.---Mr. Peter Simonſon's houſe, about an eighth of a mile from the above, was alſo ſtruck, and received conſiderable injury. Several perſons in each of the houſes received a ſevere ſhock, but none materially injured.

Dreadful were the ravages of the tempeſt on Long-Iſland. The oldeſt inhabitant never witneſſed ſuch an awful diſplay of the artillery of Heaven. Within a few miles of Brooklyn its effects were ſeverely felt. At Jamaica a barn belonging to the Widow Johnſon was ſtruck with lightning and entirely conſumed; at Newtown a barn belonging to Hezekiah Field was alſo conſumed, and a barn and waggon-houſe with their contents, and two waggons, the property of the Widow Van Duyn, at New-Utrecht, were totally deſtroyed.

In a violent ſtorm of thunder and lightning, on Wedneſday evening laſt week, the houſe of Mr Mark Balderſon, Bucks County, (Penn.) was ſtruck by lightning, which killed Mrs. Balderſon in the cellar: and at the ſame time a barn was ſtruck and burnt down.

On Thurſday laſt week, a very ſevere thunder guſt paſſed over the town of Coeymans, in this State. In its progreſs the lightning ſtruck a barn belonging to Mr Harman Vanderzee, and killed a Mr Van Zandt who was in the barn, and ſtunned Mr Vanderzee, who however ſoon recovered. The barn with its contents, valued at 1200 dollars, was burnt to aſhes. Several ſtacks of hay, belonging to Mr Conrod A. Ten Eyck, were alſo burnt.

BOSTON, Aug. 28.

Through the politeneſs of Captain Wood, arrived here on Saturday laſt, from Liverpool, we have been favored with London papers to the 27th of July, which though many days later than previouſly received from that quarter, furniſh nothing of a very intereſting nature. A few extracts are however made from them.

The negociations reſpecting the commercial regulations between France and Great Britain, are proceeding with activity: although it is ſcarcely to be expected to produce a commercial treaty in the true and literal ſenſe of the words, as the French are very jealous of the trade and manufactures of England.

The Parliament of England having been diſſolved at the cloſe of the laſt ſeſſion, the election of members to form a new one has commenced. Among other returns which have been officially reported, are thoſe of the city of London, city of Weſtminſter and Southwark, viz.---Combe, Price, Curtis, and Anderſon, for the city of London; Fox and Gardner, for the city of Weſtminſter; Tierney and Thompſon, for Southwark.

The rapid and ſucceſsful meaſures of Paſſawan Oglou, has roufed the attention of the Auſtrian and Ruſſian Governments; not, we preſume, in tender mercy to his Sublime Majeſty; but rather to get footing into European Turkey.

Bonaparte has made a tender of the mediation of France, to Paſſawan Oglou, for the purpoſe of adjuſting the differences of that Pacha, with the Porte. This unexpected interference of the Firſt Conſul, is ſuppoſed to be the reſult of an application to him on the part of the Turkiſh government.

Hoſtilities have broken out between the Ruſſians and Perſians, the former of whom have already penetrated into the province of Ghilan. Some violence offered to the Ruſſians at Aſterbat is mentioned as the cauſe of theſe hoſtilities. Perſia and European Turkey open a rich proſpect to the deſiring eyes of Auſtria, Ruſſia and France.

The difficult affair of the indemnities is at length finally arranged. A French Miniſter is to repair to Liſbon in July, to notify the plan, and cauſe it to be carried into execution, on the part of the powers intereſted in it. The only Eccleſiaſtic Electorate to be preſerved is the Electorate of Mentz. Upon the ſubject of the indemnity to his Sardinian Majeſty, a ſpecific convention has been agreed upon between Ruſſia and France.

The votes for continuing Bonaparte in the Firſt Conſulſhip for life, have been generally returned; and a great proportion of them, with the addition, that he have the privilege of naming his ſucceſſor.

MORTALITY.

MORTALS, be dumb; what creature dares
Diſpute his Maker's will?
Aſk no account of his affairs,
But tremble, and be ſtill.

DIED,

On Thurſday the 5th ult. at Aux Cayes, after a ſhort illneſs, Mr. SAMUEL B. EMBREE, of this city, Supercargo of the brig Bulah Maria, Capt. John P. Morris.

On Friday the 20th ult. in the 21ſt year of his age, Mr. JEREMIAH FITZ, of this city ------Death could not have ſelected a youthful victim of greater promiſe. To a brilliant imagination, correct taſte, ſound judgment, and a memory ſtored by intenſe application to the moſt uſeful and elegant ſtudies, he added an amiability of diſpoſition and manners that will long endear his memory to a circle of weeping relatives and thoſe who poſſeſſed the eſtimable treaſure of his friendſhip.

REMARK.

MANKIND muſt have been convinced that they were naturally diſhoneſt, when they invented oaths as the teſt of truth: they do not bind rogues, and good men have no occaſion for them.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for ſale by JOHN HARRISTON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,

THE

Father and Daughter,

A TALE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HAIL wedded Love! no Liberty can prove
So ſweet as Bondage with the Wife we love.

MARRIED.

At Scarborough, Mr WILLIAM LARRABEE, aged 77, to Miſs TABITHA WHITMORE, aged 63.

At Portſmouth, (N. H.) another under pair, Mr. WILLIAM CLARKSON, aged 55, to Mrs. MATILDA ODIORN, aged 70, after a fatiguing courtſhip of 30 years.

At Orange-Dale, (N. J.) Mr DANIEL M'GEHEEN, of Pultney, (N. W. Territory,) to Miſs AMELIA HAY, daughter of Col. Hay, of Newark.

On Tueſday evening laſt week, Mr ANTONY LABUZAN, of this city, to Miſs JULIET FORRMAN, of St Domingo.

On Thurſday evening, at N. London, Mr JAMES ROBERTSON, merchant, of this city, to Miſs MARY LAW, daughter of the Hon. Richard Law, of N. London.

Same day, at Newtown, (Conn.) JOHN M'KESSON, Eſq. of this city, to Miſs SARAH HULL, of Newtown, eldeſt daughter of the Hon Major Gen. Hull.

On Friday evening, by the Rev. Mr Miller, Mr ROBERT WEIR, merchant, to Miſs MARIA BRINCKLEY, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr Williams, Mr PHILIP GARNISS, to Mrs. JANE M'LACHLIN, widow of Michael M'Lachlin, Eſq.

On Monday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr Strebeck, Mr JOHN SPINNING, to Miſs MARTHA COFFIN, both of this city.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO THE LADIES.

OUR lovely belles, whoſe treſſes fair
Enchant each doting wayward ſwain,
Muſt ſurely act from motives rare,
To hide this ſource of pleaſing pain.
Thoſe charming ringlets, which were once
The pride and pleaſure of the fair,
Muſt yield, alas! to every dunce,
Who ſells his locks of fiery hair.
No longer now in native pride
They grace the beauteous ivory neck,
Each natural charm our fair ones hide,
And wigs uncouth their heads bedeck.
Thoſe waxing foreſts, which now move,
And fire each daſhing city laſs,
Sweet maids! may emblematic prove,
And ſpeak the mental magic glaſs.
The flaming color you diſplay,
Which blaze like Milton's death and ſin,
May lead ſome candid friend to ſay,
It ſhews the fire which glows within.
The maſs of hair which decks the head,
And waves with ſo much pomp and pride,
Some gentle critic may miſlead,
To think your dreſs is all outſide.
Some female friends may too ſuppoſe,
The head by nature is too light,
That hence, fair laſſes! you propoſe
By hair to make the balance right,
The ſage philoſopher will be there,
Who proudly holds the judgment ſeat,
And claſs your heads with engines rare,
Which only work when mov'd by heat.
Can you, ye fair! who freedom love,
And hail the goddeſs Liberty,
Such traitors to your guardian prove,
And yield your heads to ſlavery?
Muſt heads alone be now confin'd,
And feel the galling heavy chain,
While all the reſt is free as wind,
Which ſports upon my native plain?
Then leave awhile the impriſon'd head
To taſte the ſweets of liberty,
And, if employment you ſhould need,
Pray try to dreſs with decency.
No longer tempt the gazer's eye
By full diſplay of naked charms;
No longer for employment ſigh,
But clothe your naked breaſt and arms.

September 1. E.

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONG,

TRANSLATED FROM JACOBI.

TELL me, where's the vi'let fled,
Late so gayly blowing,
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
Choicest sweets bestowing?
Swain, the vernal scene is o'er
And the vi'let blooms no more!

Say, where hides the blushing rose,
Pride of fragrant morning,
Garland meet for beauty's brows;
Hill and dale adorning?
Gentle maid, the Summer's fled,
And the hopeless rose is dead!

Bear me, then, to yonder rill,
Late so freely flowing,
Wat'ring many a daffodil
On its margin glowing.
Sun and wind exhausts its store;
Yonder riv'let glides no more.

Lead me to the bow'ry shade
Late with roses flaunting;
Lov'd resort of youth and maid,
Am'rous ditty chanting.
Hail and storm with fury show'r;
Leafless mourns the rifled bow'r.

Say, where bides the village maid,
Late yon cot adorning;
Oft I've met her in the glade,
Fair and fresh as morning?
Swain, how short is beauty's bloom!
Seek her in her grassy tomb!

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
Who, of rural pleasures,
Rose and vi'let, rill and plain,
Sung in deftest measures?
Maiden, swift life's vision flies,
Death has clos'd the poet's eyes!

PARODY ON A PASSAGE IN POPE's ESSAY ON MAN.

LO! the poor country Damsel whose weak mind
Sees Beaux in clouds, or feels them in the wind;
Her soul, define ne'er kindly wafted down,
To hear the noise, or view the smoking town;
Yet simple nature to her hope has given,
A weeping swain;---thus rais'd a charming heaven,
Where no stern parent chills her rising fire,
And no hard step-dame bids her hopes expire;
To WED is all her simple nature wants,
For no high flight, nor hero's flame she pants,
But thinks, admitted to that happy state,
The envious nymphs shall wonder at her fate,
Go wiser thou, court-girl, thy charms impart,
Commend the painter; imitate his art,
Improve the beauties, which thou fanciest such;
But should he lay too little or too much,
Fling round his colors for thy sport or gust,
And cry, if woman's ugly, God's unjust.
Should thy weak maid, incautious, place a pin,
Or heedlesly put out, what should be in,
Snatch from her hands her implements and tools,
Retouch her touches, be the fool of fools.

[National Ægis.

ANECDOTES.

AN Hibernian traveller, expressing how cheering and comfortable the roads are made by means of mile stones, suggests to his readers that it would be a great improvement, if they were nearer each other.

A Clergyman, (not an Irishman) was lately descanting on the proofs of the existence of Deity, to be drawn from the order and harmony of nature: "Indeed (said he) in every part of creation the FOOTSTEPS of an almighty HAND are visible."

AT the commencement of the late European war, when the general and appropriate appellation of the French soldiers was "SANS CULOTTES;" an English newspaper noticed the escape of some captives from Portsmouth, in the following manner: "Yesterday, six French prisoners of war procured CLOTHES, and escaped in that DISGUISE."

MORALIST.

DUE attention to moral attributes must excite the highest possible esteem, and love and gratitude. Extensive stable goodness is the immediate object of approbation, love and esteem. When wisdom and power are united to this, our admiration is raised to the highest. They must excite the most zealous study to please, the greatest caution against offending, and give the highest satisfaction in the consciousness of conformity to the will of a being possessed of such excellencies.

When we are conscious of having offended him, they must fill our souls, not only with fears of punishment, but with inward remorse, ingenuous shame, and sorrow, and desire of reformation.

These divine perfections, firmly believed, beget trust and resignation, and entire submission to every thing ordered by Providence, from firm persuasion that all is ordered for the best, for the greatest universal interest, and for that of every good man.

Extensive goodness must desire the best state of the whole; Omniscience must discover the means; and Omnipotence can execute them.

Every thing becomes acceptable when God orders, or permits it; not indeed always for itself, yet upon implicit trust, a faith that it is necessary for the purposes of infinite goodness and wisdom.

We know that the benign intentions of the Deity are partly to be executed by the active virtues of good men; and that in these virtues a great share of their supreme perfection and happiness consists.

Our dependence, therefore, upon the divine Power and goodness will retard no kind and virtuous power of ours, but rather invigorate and support us with joyous hopes of success.

The same resignation and trust we exercise for ourselves, and our own interests, we also exercise for all who are dear to us by any virtuous bonds, for every honorable cause in which we or others are engaged; that it shall be prosperous in this life, or tend to the future glory and happiness of those who have espoused them.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Just published, and to be had at Fenelon's Head, No. 1 of the City Hotel, Broadway, a SUPPLEMENT to the CATALOGUE of H. CARITAT's general and encreasing Circulating Library, part III, containing a selection from his last importations of the latest and most approved books in all ARTS and SCIENCES, being a continuation of the original collection, the first catalogue of which was published in the year 1799, to be had also at said Library to make the present complete. 28th August.

For the Use the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. June 26 13 3.n

M WATSON

Returns her sincere thanks to the Public for their past encouragement, and hopes a continuance of their patronage. She has removed from No. 24 Maiden-Lane, to No. 114 BROADWAY, opposite the City-Tavern, where she has for sale, a large assortment of Ready made Linen of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, &c. &c. on very reasonable terms. A genteel assortment of Childbed Linen. March 27. 00 tf

Bills of Lading, &c.

For sale by J. Harrisson, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurvy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. July 24

ACADEMY.

The subscriber, fully sensible of the favor hitherto shewn him by his employers, which demands his grateful acknowledgements and thanks, wishes to inform them and the public in general, that his Academy at No. 1 Fishers-street will still be continued upon the usual plan, under his superintendancy. And that he has taken into company Mr Aaron Gardner, a young gentleman educated at Providence College, whose morals and literary qualifications, from experience, appear every way adequate: and purpose opening an Academy at No. 260 William-street, a few doors from Pearl-street, on the first day of September next, for the purpose of teaching the various branches of English Literature, and the Latin and Greek Languages.

The Subscriber also wishes to inform that he teaches the Art of Penmanship upon a late systemised plan, whereby any person may acquire the art of writing a complete hand, large and small, in three months practice. The strictest attention will be paid to the morals and civil deportment of the pupils, avoiding those awkward and drawling habits too often indulged in common schools, and hope by assiduous endeavors to render general satisfaction.

The subscriber having been employed in the business of teaching for upwards of twelve years with unabated success, flatters himself that he will still merit a degree of public patronage. The prices for tuition are as follows, viz.

Per quarter for spelling and reading, 3 dollars; writing 4 do. arithmetic, English grammar and art of speaking 5 do. Book keeping, surveying, navigation, geography, geometry and trigonometry 8 do. Latin and Greek languages 10 do. W. D. LEZELL.

NB. Evening Tuition will commence at the above mentioned Acadamies, on the 1st of October. Aug. 21.

TICE's

Much improved and celebrated Water Proof SHINING LIQUID BLACKING,

For Boots and Shoes, and all Leather that requires to be kept black; is the best preservative and the greatest beautifier of Leather ever offered to the public. It never corrodes nor cracks the Leather, but renders it soft and smooth, and never foils. Black Morocco that has lost its lustre, is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. For sale, wholesale and retail, (at the prices of the manufacturer, who has removed to Virginia) in bottles, with printed directions for use, with J. TICE's signature, as none else are genuine, by G. CAMP, No 143 Pearl-street.---June 12

ROBERT LITTLE,

Informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, at No. 9 Beekman-Slip, the best of London Brown Stout, and Porter, Philadelphia Porter warranted to keep in any climate; New-York Porter; Newark bottled Cider:---Also Claret wine of a superior quality.

Cash for empty Bottles June 19. tf

Sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip, by Appointment,

THE TRUE AND GENUINE

Dr. ANDERSON's

OR THE

The Famous Scots Pills.

Printed & Published by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Price---One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.

PAID IN ADVANCE.